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MAN'S MANHOOD.

A LECTURE,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE MEMBERS

OF THE

MENTAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY,

CANTERBURY,

ON TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31ST, 1848.

AND ALSO AT THE

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTION,

CANTERBURY,

ON MONDAY, DECEMBER 18TH, 1848,

BY

GEORGE MORRIS,

MINISTER OF WATLING STREET CHAPEL,

CANTERBURY.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST,

AND SOLD BY R. COLEGATE, 6, PARADE, CANTERBURY;

AND MAY BE HAD OF LONGMAN AND CO., PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

1848.

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OF MANY WHO HEARD IT, IS

DEDICATED,

IN TOKEN OF SINCERE RESPECT FOR THEM,

AND ATTACHMENT TO THEIR SOCIETY,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PROGRAMME.

Nature of the Subject.—Scene of Man's advancement to his Manhood.—Constitutional adaptation of the Scene to this End considered physically, intellectually and morally.—Particular circumstances which contribute to bring on Man's Maturity.—When that Manhood is attained.—Its future development.

MAN'S MANHOOD.

A LECTURE.

Nature of the Subject.

THERE is, perhaps, something strange in the *name* of my subject. I confess I have not yet, myself, got rid of this seeming strangeness;—and at this early stage of my lecture when I am to speak briefly of the NATURE of the subject, I will take the opportunity of saying that I am glad that I never lost the impression of this peculiarity, for I am much indebted to the retention of it. At first I was tempted to ask myself, whether the title "Man's Manhood" would not seem a mere unmeaning singularity; and thus create against the *idea contained in it*, a prejudice that it was little more than a conceit of the fancy,—a profitless extravagance,—a *mere* eccentricity.

But it at once came home to me,—that it is not what things *seem*, but what they *are* which is the great question about them: and, however my subject with its name might seem this, I knew that it *was not* this.

The subject is in its nature *purely* MENTAL. I think it ranges high even among that class. Did I fear upon the score of properly apprehending it,—my chief resolve would be, not to be guilty of bringing it down to my own level;—but to prefer the lesser fault of failing in my ascent to it; a crime more pardonable than aiming too low. Shakspere speaks of "breaking the neck with climbing;" a lot, in a good cause, infinitely preferable to crawling on "all fours" though one never got a scratch.

I have said that my subject is purely mental in its nature; and in this sense I conceive that—"Man's Manhood" is properly, independent both of bulk of body and length of years. I do not mean that this "Manhood" is attainable by childhood or by youth; (though there may be some fine reachings after it)—I mean that maturity of body or of age is no guarrantee for its attainment: they are not, *in themselves*, the signs of its existence,—though they go to make up the conditions of its development

As more particularly illustrating the nature of the subject I will remark that—Man was created *inherently great;* and that the Divine intention concerning him was that he should become greater. Not that in the present he was in any way incomplete; not at all incompetent to subserve the high designs of his creation; but that his greatness was of such a nature, that *development* was a necessary element in his constitution.

This *becoming greater* was not to be by a re-creation; the mind was not to receive *new elements;*—there was not to be any re-adjustment of its powers; for there could be nothing inherently faulty in such a work that it should need to be made over again. No work of the Creator's is in itself susceptible of improvement even from the Divine hand;—it must be *worthy* of its *origin.* If it ever need alteration or improvement, it must be owing to self or hereditary perversion, and not to primary defectiveness. It was not then by an *alteration* of man that he was to become greater, but by the continual development of what he *was.*—The soul *must* GROW.

The Scene.

This brings me to speak of the Scene of Man's advancement to his Manhood; with the constitutional adaptation of this scene to the end, considered physically, intellectually and morally.

As to this "scene" we all know *where* it is, and the name of it. It is all about us, and within us. I know of *nothing* which is not *part of it.*—of nothing so remote but claims affinity, and says "*I am as much* IT *as any thing else is* IT." But making the due distinction between what is internal and what is external, I would say that this scene consists more in what *is* "I"—than in what is *not* "I."

But as to *what* this scene really is,—this is not found out in a day;—it is a thing we are always learning, and the understanding it is parallel with the attainment of Manhood.—Suffice it to say, then, in addition to what has gone before, that the scene is full—endlessly diversified—harmonious though conflicting;—its very conflicts resulting in fine harmony. It is a sublime paradox which it is the high prerogative of man in the exercise of his true moral power to *reconcile;* an intricate web given to man to *unweave*, and which in his hands becomes the SILVER CORD OF TRUTH!

In regard of the *Physical* adaptation of the scene to the end, I shall limit myself to the observation that the Great Creator made the earth subservient to man: that is, subservient to *his growth.*—The earth was never designed, therefore, to offer a premium to idleness on the one hand, nor on the other to spurn the nobleness of labor, and withhold her

fruits at the intreaty of human industry. Either of these would have been against the sovereign principle of existence in things, which is—DEVELOPMENT; *for in every thing there is an* INWARD LIFE to be UNFOLDED. The earth, therefore, is neither too hard nor too easy with man.

On the *Intellectual* and *Moral* adaptation—I will speak a little more at length. Now, your candour will readily suggest that in speaking upon this particular, I am not supposing that the attainment of "Manhood" is to every man the regular result of this fitness of things:—for, to say nothing more, the prodigious number of "*adult infants*" would forbid such an opinion. But what I wish now to show is that where there is no violence done to the man himself, and none either to the objects which are to affect him and which *he is to affect*, there is a fitness and a growing fitness in his circumstances to bring on his maturity.

And here my subject requires that I should be allowed without trespassing at all into other paths not proper to be trodden here, to assume that the scene we have in review is not precisely what we could wish it were; and, not precisely, therefore, what it was *meant to be;* permitting me this simple position, one quite fair, and proveable too in the case of any man in any grade of society, I am put

into my proper track, and am able to say that while this scene is abundant in things favorable to the end, it is super-abundant in things which, in themselves, are adversitive to the end; but which have, nevertheless, their own peculiar uses. And I must say, further, that there are things in this scene which must not be as they *are*, but must *become* what they *should be;* that there are others which *must not* BE *at all*, but must be uprooted and gotten clean out of the way. Now I would contend that man's attainment to his "Manhood" lies in his hearty doing of work like this. And if a man cannot do it, or will not do it, t'is like enough he will never have a clear foot of ground to move himself in; an attendant circumstance of which will be that he will get in every body's way and be jostled accordingly. And further, it would appear that in the incongruousness of things about him to each other, lies much of the general adaptation of the whole scene to the purpose for which man is to work them: for *they* are not the *end*,—HE *is the end;* and if their incongruousness to each other set him to that sort of work which brings on his maturity,—then in their very incongruousness to each other, I see their universal adaptation to his end. The more a man works, the more manly will he become. The working man is the only *true* man, for, he is either attaining his manhood, or, he has attained it and is developing it. For doing either of these,—*work is the only thing*. An *idle* man is not a TRUE

man whether he bandage his face and sit upon the pavement, or yawn elegantly over his breakfast at one in the day. *He* is making no advancement towards his manhood, for it is not done in that way; nor has he ever reached it, because, if so, he would be developing it,—and it is not developed in that way either. There are objects and influences friendly to his maturity which he ought at once to welcome to his heart, and with which he ought to be doing work,—but he only smiles languidly upon them. There are objects and influences unfriendly to his maturity, which want resisting, altering, or destroying; work which he might do, work given him to do—work which would make a man of him if he would but do it, but he won't, and it does its work with him. In my "heart of hearts" I pity a man who from his youth has nothing to do but to sit in his easy chair, and have every thing brought to him; small prospect has he of ever being a man:—the likely thing of him is that he will want nursing all his life. On the whole there are but few men who can afford to be rich; afford to be idle if they choose to be idle:—their manhood is *the price* they pay for it. But not unfrequently they pay something else for it too; namely, the healthy energy which active labor imparts and maintains in a man. And this lets us into a little secret. What is the reason, that while so many of these (with whom it *need* not be so) are sure to be either poorly or just getting about,—persons actively engaged (say in business) are usually

to be found at their posts with little if any thing the matter with them, and that in speaking with them it is not necessary to make their health the first subject of enquiry. It is, for the most part, because they have not time to be for ever taking care of themselves;—they have work of some sort or other to do,—and yielding to amiable languor, and making themselves nervous wont do that work. Now the *working* or *true* man, in contra distinction to the idle or false man, is continually exercising the *creative* power within him. The chief thought with him is, whether he *shall* do a thing; the question as to whether he *can* is *remote*, sometimes never thought of,—he will *make* the "CAN." If, therefore, he have not the usual means for doing his work, he will get other.. The man has comparatively but one idea about the whole matter, which is this, the things to be DONE!

It would seem then that the adaptation of the scene lies not a little in its *self-distractions*, as setting man to work to reconcile them to each other, himself to them, and them to him, as the case may require. Thus when in things intellectual or in things moral, he meets with what is friendly to the attainment of his maturity, he will not only welcome it as valuable in itself, but he will have its full benefit by *doing work* with it. As to the *reality*—the *essence* of it, he will absorb that, it shall *become part of him*:—this will be GROWING! When he

meets with that which will not do as it is, but must become something else, he will set to work to make it what it should be, what it must be for him; if he cannot do that, then he will not have it as it *is*—he will have *nothing* to do with it; but, if he adapts it—makes it what he requires—then he is getting through the work—*the man is growing*. When, again, he meets with that which resists his moral power—which will not be conformed, or is on the face of it—*bad;* this must be got rid of at whatever sacrifice to *self;* and this self-sacrificing act will promote his growth. So that the labor both of adapting what is susceptible of fitness, and of clearing the ground of what is not,—is in itself contributive to maturity. But the great consideration is, that he is gradually taking his proper place in the scene. He is testing and trying whatever is brought before him; and appropriating these according to their results. He is taking things in their flow and in their obstruction, and letting nothing be lost. He is taking things as they *are*, and doing the right-manly work of reconciling them to each other or to himself, or himself to them, and working out their adaptation to the end; thus exercising the power he has within himself to *make the fitness*. Now, it is the *very* CONSTITUTION of the scene which obliges him so to do—to act thus nobly—to obtain the mastery over whatever is in himself, or in his path that is not good and noble—to conform to goodness and to nobleness whatever is susceptible

of such conformation—and to ally himself to what is noblest—best; in short to attain to "MANHOOD."

Particular Circumstances.

I come now to speak of particular circumstances which contribute to bring on Man's Maturity.

And of these I shall speak not by *name* but by *nature.* I think that these circumstances will be found to be mainly of three classes. Those whose chief tendency is *to reveal a man's self to him;—those which reveal other men to him; and those which induce a proper belief in himself, and compel him to* ACT *on that belief.*

In regard of the first,—those which reveal a man's *self* to him,—there are some, the necessary influence of which is to reveal to him his weakness, and there are others which reveal to him his *strength.* All these circumstances have their own special virtues,—they are all useful—they are the man's friends:—they are TEACHING him,—teaching him what must be learnt, and learnt from *failure* as well as from *success.* Admonition and encouragement are the aliment of life:—we cannot do well—we cannot do at all without them; and, so real is their importance that we require they should speak to us not in *words* but in FACTS;—facts which are facts to *us*:

which would not have been at all but for us :—facts which we have made :—these are the things that TEACH :—some of their lessons may be disagreeable, but the question about them is, are they *truthful*? If so, let us welcome them if we would attain to "Manhood;"—let us learn and digest them even though every letter reprove us.

Circumstances for instance which humble us in our own eyes have a direct tendency to bring on our maturity :—for they only clear away rubbish to make room for what is valuable :—they clear the ground of falsehood that truth may have room to work : for it will, I think, be found to hold true, that *pride arises in the mind for want of a truly great object enthroned there!*

Further, when the clearing away of self-conceits has given place to what is true and noble, there sometimes occur circumstances which reveal a man's weakness to himself in connection with his defence and propagation of the belief he has adopted; where from carelessness or inaccuracy he has damaged his own cause. Such circumstances teaching him that he must be the more careful not to use unsound arguments (which are *not* arguments) because the ignorant often regard an *un*-successful argument as *establishing* what it was intended to disprove,—whereas it has simply failed to prove the opposite.

And while we observe that there will not be wanting circumstances which reveal a man's strength to him, we may remark that the discoveries of his weakness—the finding out what he *is not*—the removing of mere semblances, conciets and falsehoods—this process of moral elimination reducing him to a HEALTHY REALITY,—will point out unerringly where his strength lies:—will aid that strength's action by freeing it from the incumbrance of mental disease, and on the whole be no mean contribution to his MANHOOD.

There are circumstances also whose direct tendency is to reveal other men to him: so that they may have no false weight with him, and that he, on the other hand, may not undervalue them. Thus he is spared the injuries to himself consequent upon such misconception. Seeing that he must deal with other men, it is every thing that in that dealing he *understand* them: not only personally but *relatively*,—as to their circumstances for instance which are sometimes part of the men. It is only *so* that men can judge each other rightly, and derive the full benefit of communication one with another. Thus we sometimes find something like surprise expressed when public and otherwise important characters occasionlly give testimony that they are not *infallible*:—not sufficiently reflecting that when a man occupies a position in which he cannot but be conscious that in some degree at least, he stands alone,—that he is the centre of a circle however small,—that whatever may

be the comparitive insignificance of his sphere in the great social economy, *he* presides over *its* interests, he is very liable to be betrayed into inconsistency and mistake even though his pride may not be on the increase. A consciousness that he is the master-mind there, is very apt to cause him unconsciously to exercise his power to controul rather than his wisdom to direct. And the knowing he is superior to criticism, not because he is beyond fault, but that he soars for the most part beyond the reach of detection—this together with a deep necessary consciousness of natural and acquired superiority has a tendency to generate an unguardedness which may result in error.

And yet again: with respect to our *private dealings* with the minds of our fellow man, how necessary is it to judge him aright that we may not cramp our own growth to maturity by forming wrong conceptions of him: for to wrong another in this respect is to wrong ourselves. An illiberal mind is continually contracting its narrow self; and it sees more incorrectly and judges more unjustly every time it sees or judges at all;—in serious truth,—it never either sees or judges. Thus how often has the man characterized by confidence and decision been set down as an overbearing tyrant filled with self-opinionism. Yet it is likely enough that that same man has had two very opposite characters written out about him in one day. The language of confidence is not always dictated

by conceit: nor is it just to set a man down as conceited whom we meet for the first or second time, because we happen to hear him speak with a marked confidence. He may be speaking at that particular time upon a subject to which he has devoted considerable attention:—it may be that the subject in discussion is his chief study, and it will be only natural for him to feel himself in some degree at least, master of the subject in debate; and therefore to express himself with that confidence which is rarely absent from conscious superiority is only natural; and in a proper degree becoming; and is to be regarded more as the exponent of successful industry than as the index of conciet. And, moreover it is highly probable that another person may have set the same man down as one of excessive modesty, and even of timidity: having been in his company only when the subject discussed was foreign to his taste and experience; and upon which he therefore, as a wise man, without once thinking of being modest, said but little. A right understanding of other men is necessary to the attainment of our own manhood; and circumstances like these which reveal them truly to us, contribute to our maturity.

The third class of circumstances I would mention have a tendency of a very high order:—even that of obliging a man to *believe in himself and to* ACT *upon that belief.* Circumstances which point out to him a particular work to be done, and tell

his conscious self that the capability of doing that work is vested *there:* showing him this—telling him this,—till he *believe in himself* as THE MAN to do THAT THING: and streightway he is conscious of a moral necessity for his doing it, and he does it: this is believing in himself and acting out that belief.

The two classes of circumstances already mentioned are preparative to this stage in the Man's advancement to his Manhood. He will never really do any thing till he get to this—he never can really begin to work till he get to this point. It is possible that he may arrive at it too soon,—before the previous process has done its proper work,—nay, it is possible that it may be a grand blunder when reached: but that is the case in which there has been *abuse* instead of *use* of his circumstances,—where all might and should be right thouugh all *is wrong*:—with this exceptional perversion we have nothing to do. We say, then, that the great point for a a man to reach, (having been schooled to it) is a virtuous belief in himself; and by consequence, that there is in him a *necessity to act out that belief.* If he *can* keep silent, and sit still, then it is *not* belief.

A true, proper faith in himself will combine vigorous activity with stern repose; it will sub-ordinate to itself a moral position the most intricate, and will enter into every conscious

necessity. It will never supersede exertion,—but will be the strength in which that exertion is made,—it will be the nurse of the awakened hope, and the source both of vigorous action and of conscious repose. It will be the parent of industry, commending labor to us as in its very nature *honorable*. You may have sometimes watched with interest a man at his daily toil: what was it that rivitted your attention? Was it mere curiosity to see him pursue his labor? No! it was the great principle of industry—hearty industry,—action done in faith that is—which delighted you;—a mighty and a noble thing!

Now, this true proper belief in oneself is a moral excellence; and wherever there is moral excellence there is *moral power*. This faith is productive:—it is a creative thing. Almost *all* GREAT ACTIONS *grow out of* GREAT BELIEF. It is productive of vigorous *thought* as well as of vigorous action; and welcomes and aids the approach of *truth* as that out of which it grew; *the mind saw truth* and *believed*,—as that out of which it strengthens itself. Now be it remembered, that our *thoughts* are our *wealth*:—our inalienable wealth—always ours;—a wealth by which we can enrich thousands or even millions, and it will enrich itself the while. And as to the reception of truth, why a truth fairly recieved into the mind becomes a part of that mind. Circumstances which induce a belief like this, eminently contribute to a man's maturity.

When that Manhood is attained.

I think we are now in a fair position for regarding the next step in the analysis before you, namely, "When that Manhood is attained." Now I would enter upon this part of the subject by observing that every *fact* in material and in moral science has its marks:—its own peculiar marks:—certain true appearances, which certify us of its existence: I say *true* appearances; by which I mean, appearances which have *things underneath them*,—the real things of which they speak. By a true appearance then, I mean, the honest face of a reality.

Now, Manhood in Man is possessed of marks proper to itself:—you could not make out a list of them; there is no creed upon this point;—the matter of which they speak is too grand, too great by far to be bound up and shelved after such a fashion. They are so constantly multiplying that no authorised edition would be correct,—and your book-case would never be big enough. The ever expanding soul alone can give them room. We say then when a Man has attained to Manhood, he will wear certain appearances which will give demonstration of this.

And to speak in a general way of the kind of demonstration which they will give, I will say in brief, that they will show that the man is henceforth *to speak out the life that is in him:* speak it out with his nature's thousand

voices, not one of which was ever meant to be silent. The demonstration will be that he *feels* the life within, and is prepared to *act it out:* prepared mainly by the revelation made to him of his own weakness; of the true value of other men and their actions; and by the revelation of his own strength, inducing that proper belief in himself,—a belief strong yet modest; bold, but cautious, which he is intended to have, and which he must act upon if he is ever to do any thing and be a man at all. In short, what these appearances will certify us of is,—that the man now knows he *is* something—that he is a *reality*—that by a necessity of this consciousness he must speak out that reality, though all his speaking may not be strictly correct,—some of it inherently wrong, and much of it not agreeable to every body. That he is no longer in disgraceful slumber but *wide awake*: sees things *somewhat* as they *are*,—will use his man's right to think for himself about them, and *to say what he* THINKS!

Now we have nearly got the man we want. Nay, we may say he is made: but before we give him a brother's hand, we want to look at him a little, and be assured that he has that true vitality in him by virtue of which he will be sure to grow. Now, I do think that this good friend of ours will have a sort of *ease* about him; a certain graceful, manly negligence which has its existence in the *strength* and *genuineness* of life. I think that this man's reality will not walk forth every morn-

ing into the field of life, punctually at eight or nine of the clock,—prim,—natty,—dressed for the day, as though starch and gloss were the soul of things. It will rather have its noble limbs free, not knowing precisely what work it will meet with, and being too really noble to be very nice about it either. Our friend will be a man of *system;* but not a man of *buckram*, nor of *bows;*—the less of this kind of thing the better, since he is to be a true working man. Its plain the man will want room to move, and he will need to be able to move without being fidgetted with the fear of putting something out of its place. He must be free enough even, (I had almost said) to make a mistake. To think of calculating upon never running the risk of hurting himself, would be in his opinion to resolve never to go outside his own door:—it would be virtually resigning his manhood, if that manhood were alienable. I say he must be free enough then to involve the possibility of now and then getting a bruise: or being occasionally put out of his way. For though he must be a man of system, his work is *not* to be done by describing a circle round a mill; and if that were the way, his happiness must *not* consist in walking round his mill in always the same number of steps.

And here I would remark that it is easily observable that a degree of inertness is sure more or less to characterise the man of *extreme precision:* and the pleasure, he, it may be confessed, derives from his punctiliousness, is reaped mainly from

the *mere being precise*, and not from that good order, and regular development of successive duties of which a well regulated economy might be productive. It would be the making of such a man to get him up before his time, or to delay his breakfast. Now the ease, (the negligence if you will) for which I am contending is quite consistent with healthy plan and system :—Yet, for all this, so great is the reputed virtue of *starch*, especially amongst those who live so well by it and could not not live at all without it, that it will require something like moral courage in our friend to take his own way. Almost all men of any originality and independence of mind, have in their minds first struggles to develope itself and make itself known; or, rather, to *realize itself to itself* known or unknown, been plagued by a sort of people, who, destitute themselves of the grand characteristic of mind—"creative power,"—have been shocked in a degree which showed more imbecility than virtue, at the idea of a man's thinking after any fashion not already stereotyped, or daring to do any thing that other men have not done before him, or even to do that same thing after a different manner. It is this orthodox jogtrot which so much cripples mind and makes it either grow deformed or sicken into a thing unworthy of even a fleshly tabernacle.

Moral courage then will be a mark of Manhood;—one of its most natural and admirable appearances. A man becomes admi-

rable in proportion as his Manhood is developed; and there is no particular in which it is more developed than in that of *moral courage*. On the whole, one must admire the man who can do a "bold thing" (if it be a thing proper to be done.) It is a necessity of our nature to admire him. It is humanity's tribute to the heroic in humanity. To "*dare*" is generally to "*do*" and to *do* is always to have *dared first*. It is really a good point in a man to have courage enough to be sometimes called mad and thought mad, and that even by those who think they have all their wits about them, until he have *proved*, or *disproved to himself his own belief*. It is a mark of essential life is this; a proof that the man is *really a man*; that he has a *being* of his own, and is not a mere thing with a name to it: there is inherent greatness here. Would you study such a man as this so as to understand him?—It were worth while:—there may be much apparent folly to wade through and to dissipate before you get at the *truth beneath*, but that is not the man, you are getting at him. There must be a spark of truth in him or so much nonsense could not come out. There is no such thing in the world as pure, unmixed nonsense: it *seems* to be such, because we have not got to the bottom of it: but it *is* not so, some TRUTH was father to it: it has doubtless some noble ancestor. There are some grand blunders which cannot be made by little people; they require a larger foundation than little minds could furnish;—they do not rest

on nothing, and are always worth getting to the bottom of; for they are not little enemies, and they might be made great friends. To speak only for instance, of the grand mistake of all,—when a mind is overthrown and wanders in erratic course, wild, ungovernable, mad:—some one might ask,—what *use* were there in talking to a madman? why a great deal if you could only find out what it was he went mad upon.

Upon the whole, then, it is well not to be guilty of the folly of giving judgment prior to receiving evidence: not to be guilty of the conceit of licensing the universal talk, but just inquire of things and let them tell their own tale. Now seeing that there is usually some disposition abroad more or less to err in this way, it is a considerable comfort to reflect, that the man who has really attained his Manhood will be sure to be bold enough honestly to let us know it. For instance, there is *truth* in him; and truth living in a man, moving, growing in him is sure to give him something to say, and he *will say it.* He has got something to tell the world, and the world must hear him, and shall hear him,—though stereotyped orthodoxy in solemn cravat doubly stiffened choke itself with its small rage the while. The man will have his say;—and why not? He ought to have it: the world may be the looser else, though it *is* possible the world may gain nothing but profitless fatigue. But how shall it be known whether it be this or that till the man has spoken? Manifestly, the world has no

right to debate the question whether he *shall* speak, (properly there is no such question) but only whether he having spoken, is the man who should *go on to speak*. It is true we may thus get much trash, which we had *rather* be without, but this is the necessary risk of the chance of intellectual gain. And as to this necessary evil, why it is no such great matter after all, for when it is found out to be trash, we have only to *burn* it. The exercise of judgment necessary to warrant this step will do us good, and as to the burning, why it is easily done: (sometimes too easily) there are plenty of people who get their living that way; all of whom are not judges precisely of what *is* trash! This free development of mind,—this exercise of the divine right of a man to run the risk even of making himself ridiculous if he will, is, I readily grant the way we get our trash; but, it is the way we get our *wealth*.

On the whole, the more men speak out the better; because the better will they understand one another: and this is how one learns *whom to avoid*. In this universal speaking there may be much discordance, but the glorious principle on which it is suffered to be made will make it almost music-like. There may be much clatter, with sweet sounds issuing from the lovely chords of truth, but then one learns *what* instruments to play upon. If it be objected against a man's exercise of this unflinching sternness of purpose that there is danger of his

mingling a little of the Lion with his Manhood,—I would say that so many men never grow up at all, that one could afford even this:—but apart from that consideration,—without unflinching purpose he would not be a man at all.

Is there a fear that his moral courage will make him ambitious? I must say that there is an ambition which will be a mark of his Manhood; which is an essential part of it: without which he *cannot be a man;* not a true working man. I hope I shall not be supposed to recommend ambition in a bad sense, but I say there is a *kind* of ambition, (laudable, vigorous, manly endeavour that is) which is *virtuous*, and which no where has ill repute save where, unhappily, it is convenient to regard *indolence and timidity as virtues.* We should be nothing without it, and it argues nothing against it to say, that its abuse has sometimes ended in the ruiu of the abuser. If some did not go faster than others, one would be ever in a crowd: a most insipid unmeaning crowd;—a crowd it would be a relief to escape from even through the bowels of the nobler earth. But happily, some do go faster than the rest; and apart from their ensuing achievements, they by going faster confer two benefits upon the rest of their fellows. They make others ashamed of creeping who were never meant to creep; and they afford comfortable room to the constitutionally slow to take it *quietly.*

I have thus rather cursorily made mention of a few of the marks of the state of Manhood.

I have now only to add a few words upon this "Manhood's future development." I will just glance at a few of its chief features.

One of these will be *the man's hearty love for his fellow man:*—a true brothers love. A love not fiery—nor boisterous—nor talkative:—but deep and full;—an affection belonging to *principles* not to *circumstances.* It will, then, always show itself to be in *earnest.* It will flow through his whole heart and speak in his whole life. It will be the full, deep, majestic current of fine principles which have made his soul their temple, and *feel at home there.* It will have but little extravagance—but few excrescences, if any. It will always be flowing out, but none will ever know *how deep it is.* It will penetrate the depths of other men's hearts;—it will reach far, and be felt beyond where it is known.

Another feature will be *a hearty love and veneration for Truth as Truth.* This man will *live* upon truth; he will relish it plain and ungarnished; nay, he will like it best that way. To apply to it studied ornamented were in his view to trifle with what is sacred; to offer it an impertinence for he will not forget that there is a stern greatness in

truth which rejects what is meritricious, and scorns the idea of being improved, being in itself perfect. This fervent love for truth will be like a Divine Hand upon the man leading his Manhood out; and, as another hand upon him, grasped in that to lead his Manhood out, there will be FAITH *in Truth*—a faith begetting superiority to outward circumstances, and ever argumenting that superiority:—a faith deep, expansive, lofty;—*deep*, because based upon, rooted in the eternal principles of things. *Expansive*, because truth is boundless and circumstances are not; because principles reach further than material facts which are the exponents of principles. *Lofty*, because nothing is so high but it can reach it—because *there can be nothing higher than* ITSELF!

The last feature I will mention is that of *a deeply meditative spirit*. There will be comparatively but little of the life *without*, the *being* will be within. It will look deep into principles. Without shunning the world it will love seclusion;—the retirement of its own sacred depths, where it holds unheard converse with the secret truth of things. It will be often bending over its own thoughts to adjust their polished shaft. The man's spirit will love to gather round itself the experience of the solemn past, the hopes and struggles of the busy present, the mighty expectations of the pregnant future. Will oft be listening to the pale lips of things long buried—catching something of what they see and hear and do, now that they

have gone hence and are *to him* "no more:" reading the varied face of what now is with its prophecies of what shall be; which prophecies, even as they are being fore-told deepen and expand and shape themselves from shadows into palpable realities. All the experience he has gathered from men and books and things;—from the faults and virtues of his own heart and life accumulate around him till he stand enveloped in it as in a cloud which moves as part of him:—a cloud of mingled hues; some parts black, some filled with light—some streaked with prophetic fire,—all seen, all felt.

Enveloped thus—thus built round about with truth—thus experience clad, and bearing upon his warm, manly, naked heart the wants, the infirmities, the sorrows of his fellow men he will will go about the world holding sweet converse with whatever of EARTH is likest HEAVEN.

FINIS.

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